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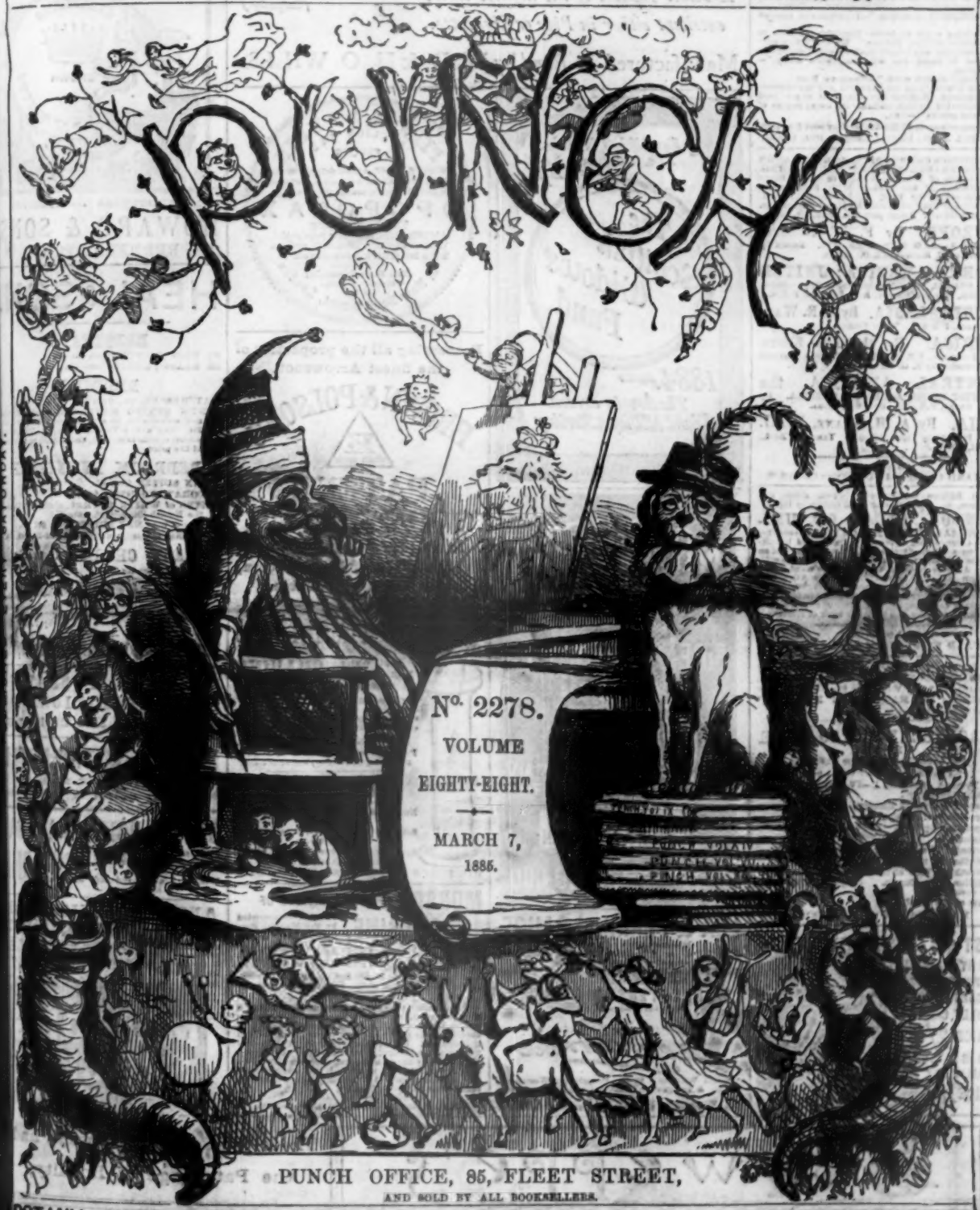

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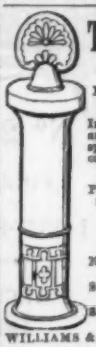
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"EH—WHY—HANG IT!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"
"HE 'S ALWAYS TRYING TO EAT MY BOOTS. HE EVIDENTLY THINKS THERE 'S SOME CHANCE OF GETTING AT A LITTLE CORN!"

FROM OUR OWN NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

No, Sir! don't, pray, be led away by a man like PICK PERIWINK. The idea of his suggesting that he would serve you better than ME. No, there are prophets and prophets; there are the profitless prophets for instance. PICK has made his living in that line for many years, and disposed of as much unreliable information as any impostor in the profession. A low man, Sir. A man of no education, whose epitaph of "*Hic jacet*," requires no further addition, as Mr. NOWELL says. "Hear lies," is comprehensive, and describes PICK accurately. But enough of such rubbish as PERIWINK; the game is about to begin again, and Sportsmen will have an opportunity of seeing whether there is most wind or wind-mills at Lincoln ere many weeks are over. Let them only stick to old BOB and they 'll bring grist to their mills anyway.

The acceptances of the Lincoln Handicap are out, and those of the early bettors on that race will be out also by the end of next month. Now, Sir, tell your young friends, if they 've never been to Lincoln, never to go. Losing your money in a bitter Nor-Easter isn't good enough, and bless you, this is a bookmakers' race. The Knights of the Pencil, Sir, hold that backers, like pike, are more ravenous in keen weather, and consequently easier to land. No, Sir, easy does it. Take my advice and eschew *the Boulevard* for the present, and remember that an early display of *Energy* has already proved a mistake.

"Wait till the clouds roll by," Sir! Sunshine and champagne is the sort of atmosphere to back winners in. Ha, Sir, what a time we 'll have at Ascot! I am looking forward to the lunch which I understand you always provide at the back of the Stand for the Staff of your celebrated weekly. The early strawberries, the Pommery of '74 (blended with '75 isn't bad, and '80 is not to be sneezed at. By the way, ever tried Lanson '74? Well, if you *can* get it, bring it to Ascot), the *pâtés de foies gras*, the Perigord pies, &c., and our note-cases all stuffed to repletion. Bless you, I see it all. I seem to see you with that wink in your right eye, and your finger on your somewhat-prominent nose, trolling out as we clink glasses:—

"Says the young OBADIAH to the old OBADIAH,
What will win, OBADIAH, what will win?"

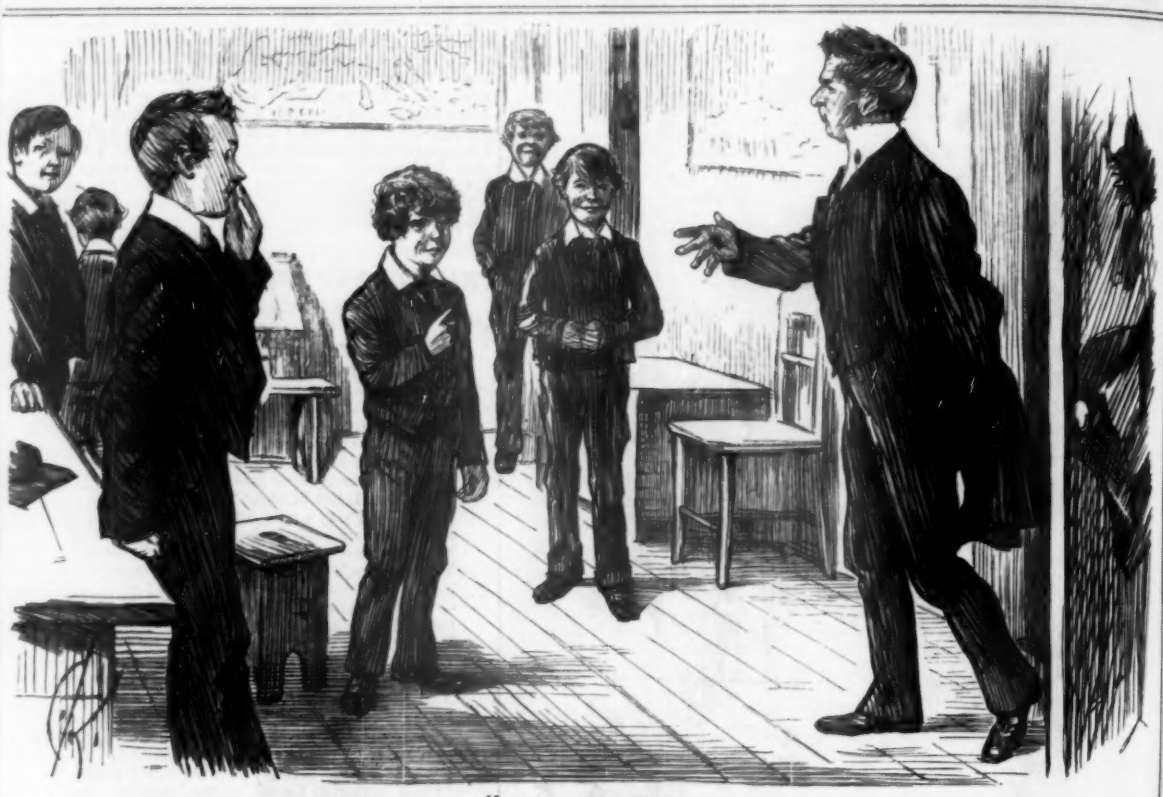
I'll put your readers on good things and manage their little "coms" for 'em with pleasure. Why, Sir, with a view of giving my whole mind to your business, and on the strength of the large subscription list doubtless at present in your hands (it's only five-and-twenty shillings up to Epsom remember,) I was looking for a quiet residence in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park the other day. I saw an untenanted house with a notice on the door referring, as I supposed, to the agents in whose hands the letting was placed. I went through the little garden to see, and found —"VICTORIA, by the Grace, &c.," nailed to the panels.

No, Sir, our profession has its trials personal as well as equine.—Yours moodily, ROBERT SPOTTEM.

CHARACTER OF THE UN-HAPPY WARRIOR.

A Pendant to Wordsworth's lately much-quoted "Happy Warrior."

WHO is the Unhappy Warrior? Who is he
Whom every Party man appears to be?
—It is the ungenerous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of national life, hath wrought
On plans from pigeon-holes parochial brought:
Whose sole endeavour is in faction's fight
To prove *his* faction always in the right;
Who, with no natural instinct to discern
The noble, is not diligent to learn;
Abides by Party needs, and stops not there,
But makes its pettiest dodges his prime care;
Who, doomed his conscience cruelly to strain
With faction's followers—miserable train!—
Turns its necessities to private gain?
—'Tis he whose law 's unreason, who depends
On sophistry as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a State where men are tempted still
By wordy flux that hides molluscous will,
Where muddled notions rule the worst and best,
And all things on a sand-foundation rest,
He fixes good on self alone which shows
No other guide to follow save its nose.
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by servile means; and there will stand
Like a Prætorian Cæsar, whose desire
In power finds its sole inspiring fire.
Who worships Number One, and to the same
Keeps faithful with pure singleness of aim;
And therefore stoops, and creeps, and lies in wait
For wealth, and honours, and high worldly state.
The guerdons which, like showers of manna fall
On those whose knees are callous, and can crawl,
Whose powers shed round him in hot Party strife
Or the concerns of Parliamentary life,
Bellicose *blague* no snubbings can abase;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some crisis, awful to the base or blind,
Calling for lofty heart or spacious mind,
Is helpless as an oyster, fogged and mired,
By peril dazed, by duty uninspired;
Who, through the heat of conflict, can but "jaw"
Of what he dares not front, and ne'er foresaw.
—He who, though dowered with a double sense,
For twaddling tame, and rowdy turbulence,
Lacks the cool sense on which high policy leans,
And splutter lends, not strength, to Party "scenes."
Sheer windbag! vain and void, where'er he be,
Of manners and of magnanimity,
His darling joy to rail at and reprove
The generous souls mean malice may not love:
'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,—
He could tell how, but no one can tell why—
Or hotly fuming in obscurity,
Plays, 'midst the many games of life, that one
Whose leading rule is "Do, and don't be done;"
Whom neither thoughts of "Dirty Tricks" dismay,
Nor promptings high to chivalry betray,
Who not content to see great worth stand fast,
Will snatch a mean advantage just to cast
Opprobrium on the foe he 'd brand or blast.
Who, howsoever long he stalk the earth,
Never to noble thought or deed gives birth,
And so goes down to dust without fair fame
Leaving a dead unprofitable name;
Not having helped one high or holy cause,
Or earned man's gratitude or Heaven's applause.
This is the Unhappy Warrior; this is he
Whom every honest man should scorn to be.



"OLD SCORES."

The Rector (furious). "Someone has been putting Soot and Grease on the Stair-rail! Now, who has been Guilty of this Ungentlemanly——"

Master Godfrey (favourite but cheeky Pupil). "I should say you have evidently had a Hand in it yourself, Sir!"

[*Result—Five Hundred Marks to the bad.*

A DERBY PROPHECY.

Does Lord Derby, after all, mean to meet the patriotic enthusiasm of our Colonies with the chilly *douche* of unsympathetic dawdling ending in a practical "declined with thanks?" If so, his characteristic administration of cold water to "My Boys" will get him into hot water with *Mr. Punch*, who is proud, and the English People, who are fond of them.

Always the same, Derby my own,
Always the same, and as cold as a stone!

But if he offers a stone, of official callousness, instead of the bread of sympathetic thanks to Our Boys in Australia and elsewhere, *Mr. Punch* prophesies that we shall soon "lose the Derby," which, though a prodigious misfortune of course, would be a far less one than failing to win the blue riband—in other words the affection and confidence—of the British Race beyond Seas.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The Poet Laureate, speaking of

"The grand old name of gentleman,"

indignantly describes it as being

"Soiled with all ignoble use."

Another noble name—that of the heroic and devoted Gordon—is at the present moment being used ignobly and to ignoble ends by the all-corrupting spirit of Party. Mean it was to use it as the scapegoat of a discredited Policy. Equally mean is it to use it as a weapon of party malice. "Ignoble uses" both, and though they *cannot* soil the name so traded on, they soil the reputation of the paltry traders on that name. The hero of Khartoum did not leave that name to trick out a tale of calculated "indignation," or to point an interested party moral, but to inspire us with the spirit his hysterical eulogists seem unable to rise to—the spirit of unselfish chivalry and patriotic devotion.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

(*After Moore.*)

[It is announced that the Prince and Princess of Wales are to visit Ireland in April.]

Hibernia *sings*—

Though dark be our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
For sunlight will come with the Season of Showers.
There never were hearts, would our rulers but let them,
More inclined to be loyal and jolly than ours.
The old galling chain
Has not yet ceased to pain,
But new shackles of love will be light, wreathed with flowers.
There comes a new link,
And our hearts will not shrink,
When they cross the wide water between us that rolls.
Sure we'll welcome their advent, and lengthen their stay.
And if loyalty's spark have burned down in our souls,
Let us light it up fresh on our Prince's Day!

They are less than half right who declare us disloyal!
Though fierce to our foes, to our friends we are true,—
Free tribute we'll pay to a pair rightly royal
The tribute of love that is liberty too.
Cruel cowards who blight
Erin's fame are not right
When they paint her a-blaze for the battle array.
The Island of Green
In Spring's sun shall be seen
An Arcadia of peace when our Princess steps in it.
To cast every bitter remembrance away
Is work for long years, and not done in a minute,—
But at least let's begin on our Prince's Day!

He'll love our Green Isle! Can his Crown have afforded
Its emerald jewel so long to forget?

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

H.R.H. the Prince of W-l-s. "NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN, MAVOURNEEN; THOUGH IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE DANCE AS THE BROGUE THAT BOTHERS ME."

H.R.H. the Princess of W-l-s. "PUT YOUR HEART IN IT, THEN, ACUSHLA! SURE, YE'VE GOT TWO MONTHS TO WORK AT 'EM BOTH BEFORE YE START."

[*Plays harp, and the Prince recommences practising the Irish jig.*

He 'll find that love's sunshine will soon be rewarded,
And Erin's gay beauty will sparkle out yet.
The gem they once broke
By cold cruelty's stroke,
Preserves still unclouded its clear native ray.

Each fragment will cast
A light to the last—
And thus Erin, dear country, though tarnished thou art,
There 's a lustre within that time shall not decay,
The light of thine eyes, and the love of thine heart,
Shall shine o'er the pair on our Prince's Day!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 23.—Another Vote of Censure. Forget how many this makes, but performance doesn't seem to lose attractiveness with public. House filled to-night for first time since Session resumed. Strangers' Gallery, and Speakers' too, crowded. Proceedings not very lively. Poor Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE sacrificed himself, as he's always willing to do, and delivered dreary speech an hour long.

"I'm sick to death, TOBY," he said, when it was over, "at this dreary round of moving Votes of Censure. I wish I could change places with GLADSTONE and be censured instead of censuring. They seem to thrive upon it, and we to decay."

GLADSTONE quite cheery, and as usual righteously angry with Sir STAFFORD. Spoke through dinner-hour, upsetting many social

Agile O. M. (to himself). "Very nearly 'too late' again! Just my luck!" (*See p.* 113.)

arrangements. Pretty to see Members distraught between dinner and duty; majority manfully sat it out. When GLADSTONE sat down, universal rush for dining-room. DE WORMS (who carries about with him his own Diet), came next, and addressed the Benches with great animation. Later, Colonel DAWNAY took up his parable, warning the Government not to send an army to Khartoum, where, with the hot season approaching, they will surely perish.

"Why, bless me, DAWNAY," I said, "I remember a speech you made early in May last denouncing the Government for not dispatching an expedition to Khartoum at the end of March, when they first heard the town was invested, and accusing them of abandoning the gallant GORDON. Now in February, a month earlier, when they are on the spot, within a fortnight's march of Khartoum, you warn the Government not to order the troops forward on pain of absolute destruction! What do you mean?"

"TOBY," said the Colonel, "you're a nice dog, but you weren't born to shine in politics."

Materials for a row gathered together below Gangway. Ulster Members quarrelled with their leaders, and gone to sit below the Gangway amongst the Parnellites. Peaceable inhabitants of that part of the House, like HUBBARD, cleared out and watch the results from afar. CHARLES LEWIS proposes some Wednesday afternoon to have rehearsal of celebration of closing of gates at Derry. Shillelagh practice nightly going on, in view of contingencies.

"Thought you'd volunteered for the Soudan, NOLAN," said HENRY HAVELOCK, revisiting old familiar scenes. "Heard you were getting tired of home service."

"Meant to go," said NOLAN. "Yearn to depart; but Party have asked me to conduct operations here, and, however unwillingly, must stay."

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved.

Tuesday Night.—A pretty row to-night. Proposed in high quarters to continue debate on Vote of Censure. GOSCHEN to resume discussion as soon after five as possible. House filled, and expectant of utterances of Oracle. Oracle carefully dressed, seated in usual place, waiting opportunity. Questions over, GLADSTONE furtively rose, and, with nod and wink at SPEAKER, mumbled a few words. As matter of fact, this was a Motion that Resumed Debate on Vote of Censure should take precedence over Notices of Motion. But if Wily Old Man thought this would pass without notice, mistaken. JOHN REDMOND had placed on paper notice to call attention to case of Inspector MURPHY, of Irish Constabulary Force. What was Vote of Censure to this? What the fate of the Government, or the course of Imperial policy?

SPEAKER evidently on the alert; not going to stand any nonsense. Pulled up REDMOND as soon as he strayed from paths of order. REDMOND boldly strayed again. Again pulled up. Offended third time, and received third warning. Quite safe thus far, but after third warning business begins. Valour had had its turn. Discretion claimed attention, and REDMOND shut up.

Nevertheless speech-making went forward. Parnellite to Parnellite succeeded. JUNIUS BRUTUS REDMOND (for Heaven has been bounteous to the House of Commons, and there are two REDMONDS) strutted on to stage with careless grace and 'naughty air. Extinguished with swift and comical effect.

"I am glad—ha! ha!—Mr. SPEAKER," he said, in deep chest notes, and sweeping back with blood-curdling gesture his free-born locks, "that—ho! ho!—Dublin Castle is irrelevant."

"I must ask the Hon. Member to discontinue his speech," said the SPEAKER quietly, and JUNIUS BRUTUS dropped limply into his seat as *Sim Tappertit* used to subside when the eye of the burly Locksmith fell upon him.

Speechifying still going on. SPEAKER played trump card.

"I consider this subject," he said, "has been adequately discussed, and that it is the evident sense of the House that the question should be put."

A moment's pause at this unexpected bolt out of the blue; then a roar of impotent rage from Parnellites. O'BRIEN, bounding on seat like india-rubber ball, bellowed out—"We'll remember this in Ireland!" SPEAKER down on him like a shot.

"I name you, Mr. O'BRIEN, for disregarding the authority of the Chair."

GLADSTONE on Treasury Bench, fumbling over Orders in search of terms of Resolution on *Clôture;* now off on fresh tack; must move that O'BRIEN be suspended. Howls incessant from Irish camp; Strangers in Gallery standing on feet, craning their necks to look over at turbulent scene; white-necktied attendants wildly waving arms; GLADSTONE at table, trying to move Resolution; SEXTON bellowing out something inaudible above the din; JUNIUS BRUTUS arranging his hair in fresh style, suitable for the occasion; SPEAKER on his feet, vainly crying, "Order! order!" At length Division taken, and, out of chaos, O'BRIEN delivered into Lobby.

Row broke out afresh on Motion for *Clôture.* SPEAKER put question in wrong way; House cleared for Division; bells ringing far and near; Members tumbling in through Lobby. House being cleared for Division, no one must address the SPEAKER except seated and with hat on. GORST remembers this; comes up to empty front Opposition Bench, and, pressing hat over brows, orates at length.

Gorstus Chathamus and Wolffus Portsmouthus (together). "Oh for one hour of Randolph!"

ARTHUR O'CONNOR, taking the cue, seats himself, puts on hat, and begins a speech. PARNELL does the same. In all parts of the House hats are wagging towards the Chair, and everybody is making a speech at the hapless SPEAKER.

This also put right, and Division called. GLADSTONE, deploring waste of time, takes opportunity to go off to his room to write letter.

Reckons will take seven minutes to clear House. House cleared within the time. Messengers just bolting doors, when suddenly Agile Old Man darts from behind Speaker's Chair, runs down the House at full speed, with coat-tails extended and collar-tips trembling in the breeze. Just reaches door in time, and so into Division Lobby.

Business done.—*Clôture* carried by 207 Votes against 46.

Wednesday.—Interesting debate in House on Private Bill Legislation. Go to Library to think it over. Nobody there. Stroll through the Corridor; come suddenly upon Burt, with red handkerchief tied round his head, doing a dance that looks like the cut-and-shuffle.

"What's the matter, Burt? Gone out of your mind?"

"No," says he, pausing to take breath. "Thought no one was about. Just practising the Carmagnole step. Saw it at meeting in Paris last Sunday night, you know. Think it would rather take in House during some dull debate. Farquharson goes about with remains of calcined cow in waistcoat pocket, Lyon Playfair illustrates his lectures with pots of oleomargarine, and Broadhurst brings down bits of machinery, which he fishes up from under the seat when the proper time comes. Next time debate on Lords comes on, mean to borrow Dillwyn's seat, so as to have the floor handy. Twist Newdegate's red handkerchief round my head, and dance Carmagnole. Come, and I'll show you the step,—'*Ça ira! Ça ira!*'" and off he went heel-and-toe, cut-and-shuffle.

"No, thank you, Mr. Burt," I said, cautiously retreating. "Much pressed to-day. Fancy M'Cullagh Torrens going to speak on Private Bill Legislation. Wouldn't miss him for anything."

"'*Ça ira!*'" sang Burt.

So will I. Burt evidently off his chump.

Business done.—Private Bill Legislation Bill thrown out.

Thursday. — House of Lords crammed to-night. Evidently something up.

"Burnham Wood has come to Dunsinane," said Lord Granville, smiling upon crowd of Commoners, who struggled for places in the galleries over the Bar, and on the space before the Throne.

Ladies thronged the galleries on either side; Strangers' Galleries chock full; in fact, only place where there was sitting room was on the Benches allotted to supporters of Her Majesty's Government. All this because Markiss going to move Vote of Censure. This done in speech of great vigour, hugely cheered. Northbrook enabled House to imagine what Mahdi would be like when he's smashed. So depressed as to be sometimes inaudible. Made one good point about Hicks Pasha's troops.

"If they'd only stood attack of Soudanese," he said, "they'd have had the victory," a way of putting it that greatly tickled Noble Lords.

Brabourne (whose face, Waterford says, always reminds him of a weasel) more than ever melancholy at necessity conscience imposed upon him of voting against the Minister who, yielding to his solicitations, made him a Peer. But conscience first, natural feelings after. Having wiped away a tear, Brabourne savagely went for his old colleagues, excelling all others in imputing to them meanness, treachery, cowardice, and general stupidity.

"I don't think it will do," said Lord Cork, meditatively shaking his head; "we made Knatchbull-Hugessen a Baron, and having got all that seemed possible, he turned and bit the hand that befriended him. If they make him a Viscount, he'll turn on them. Besides, the Markiss, whatever we may say of him, is a man capable of infinite scorn."

Business done.—Both Houses pegging away at Vote of Censure.

Saturday, 2·30 A.M.—Divisions just over. Government saved by skin of their teeth. Everybody cheering. Victors and vanquished. Parnellites, by exception, a little quiet.

"Thought we had them this time," said Tim Healy. "It's hard to be so near and yet so far."

Joseph Gillis going to his locker for his muffler previous to walking home, met black-bearded stranger.

"Joseph Gillis, I presume?" said the Stranger, *à la* Stanley and Dr. Livingstone.

"I believe so," said Joey B, cautious to the last.

"And to think," said Black Beard, "that with fifteen more votes like yours, Gladstone would have fallen, and I would have been in power!"

Stranger strode away, and Joseph, hastily feeling in his pockets and finding his watch and purse safe, wrapped his muffler round his neck, and so home.

Business done.—Vote of Censure defeated by 302 votes to 288.

"Ignoramus Antiquus" writes to say that there are all sorts of new words come into existence since he was a boy. What is, he wants to know, a "Jerrymander"? Is it the masculine of "Sallymander"?

RACING AND SPORTING NOTES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.

A Fox was seen moving.

A sharp burst across the vale.

Weight Told.

Carrying off the Nursery Plate.

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(*By Our Own Inspector.*)

No. V.—Omnibuses.

Sir,—If one were to strive to imagine the most awful combination of horrors that could be inflicted upon a sensitive man of unblemished descent and highly-cultivated taste, it would be being compelled to enter one of these instruments of torture, on a very wet day, when ten passengers, of full average proportions, are seated, five on each side, not one of whom seems to have the slightest idea that you are looking wildly for a seat, where seat, apparently, there is none. I am, Sir, rather short than tall, and have to make frantic efforts to save myself from falling into somebody's lap, by endeavouring to grasp the loose strap that hangs suspended from on high. In doing so, my streaming umbrella deposits its superfluous moisture on some one who naturally resents its unwelcome addition to his already sufficiently saturated trousers, and in turning round to apologise, my weeping umbrella encounters another passenger, who possibly uses profane language, and I at length find myself deposited, by a sudden start of the Omnibus, right on to the lap of a stout lady, who resents my intrusion by placing her saturated umbrella between us, the damp from which I shortly feel to be penetrating my trousers with such a deadly chill as promises a splendid specimen of cough, or catarrh, or both, to Yours &c.,

Maximilian Pierrepoint.

Sir,—I am compelled by circumstances to travel daily by public conveyances—Omnibuses generally. Try to fancy what I, a nervous man, have to endure. For some wonderful reason I have never been able to fathom, the ultimate destination of the wondrous vehicle is a puzzle to find, and I hail the wrong one many a time and oft. No sooner do I place my right foot on the first step, than the Conductor gives the signal to start, and I stagger into the Omnibus amid a number of frowning travellers who evidently regard me as a nuisance, instead of receiving me with welcome as a man and a brother. My one depressing thought during the whole of the weary journey is, will the driver condescend to stop while I alight? The silent maniacs who travel with me seem to delight in shattering my nerves by leaping out backwards while the driver is urging on his wild career, and when my turn comes at last—for even a journey from Bayswater to the City must come to an end—I make an earnest appeal to the gentleman called the Conductor—probably because he conducts nothing—to kindly stop while I descend the slippery steps. To this he growlingly assents; but often and often, especially if we are a little late, he gives the fatal signal before I am quite safe, and then seizes my arm in his herculean grasp to save me from the fatal consequences of his cruel precipitancy, and I reach my office with shattered nerves and trembling limbs. T. M.

A Book is advertised entitled *Deafness, and How to Treat it.* The shortest way is to treat it as you would a horse, and give it a bawl.

TACT.

Lady Constance Ormsby. "But where do you manage to get such exquisitely Lovely Types of Female Beauty for your Pictures, Mr. Sopeley?"

Mr. Sopeley (putting up his Eyeglass, and gallantly fixing his Eye on her Ladyship). "I keep my Eyes open, and *Look about me!*"

SHERIDAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S;

OR, "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" GLADSTONISED.

Joseph Surface. Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir Peter (stiffly). If you please, Sir.

Joseph Surface. Want of courage there may have been, want of judgment there may also have been, for it is not for me to arrogate to myself infallibility . . . but as to honesty of purpose, painful as the course I have had to pursue has been to me, I felt that I had no alternative. . . . I almost think I shall carry with me your sympathy in uttering that sentiment——

Sir Peter. Oh, d—n your sentiment! [*Exit.*

AN EARNEST INQUIRER.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Calling when you were absent, I saw the Cartoon for the week on your table. Since then I have been up all night, with a wet towel round my head, and I *can't* understand it. Why is it entitled "Sheridan at St. Stephen's?" *Where is* Sheridan?

Yours truly, John Buskin.

P.S.—Your Cartoon last week was entitled "My Boys!" but *they were all Lions!!* What *did* it mean? The Editor of the *Pall-Mall Gazette* says *he* understood it, and liked it immensely. Wish I were the Editor of the *P. M. G.*

P.S. No. 2.—I reopen this to say "Bah!"

P.S. No. 3.—I reopen it once more to say I meant "*But.*"

With Mr. Punch's Compliments to "The Lady."—Advertisement for the *Journal for Gentlewomen*—"*Cherchez la Femme.*"

FROM AN UNSELFISH TAX-PAYER.

"We shall not have long to wait for a Nile Conference to distribute advantages which are now in our hands."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Advantages! The right to groan
Beneath a trebled Income-tax,
To build a line we must not own,
To bring all Europe on our backs.
To fight the world, and not know why,
Advantages worth standing by!

Advantages! The Arab rage,
The endless leagues of sultry air,
The Soudan like a burning cage
About our armies everywhere.
These privileges I'd resign
Much liefer than I'd call them mine!

But if delights like these can move,
I would not selfishly refuse
To Turks or French the joy to prove
Our most uncomfortable shoes.
The luck on such a path to tread.
I wish it *were* "distributed"!

Tyrtæus.

No Address.—This appeared on an Advertisement Card:—

"Medicines required after business hours can be obtained by ringing bell at Hall Door, a competent Assistant being always in attendance for that purpose."

The competent Assistant evidently has to sit outside after business hours to help in ringing the bell. Not a bad idea.

"Mem" by Messrs. O'Brien, Redmond & Co. (*Tuesday Feb.* 24).—"The point of this here *Clôture* lies in the application of it."

SHERIDAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Joseph Surface (Mr. Gl-dst-ne). "BUT AS TO HONESTY OF PURPOSE, PAINFUL AS THE COURSE I HAVE HAD TO PURSUE HAS BEEN TO ME, I FELT I HAD NO ALTERNATIVE." . . . . "I ALMOST THINK I SHALL CARRY WITH ME YOUR SYMPATHY IN UTTERING THAT SENTIMENT."

Sir Peter (Mr. John Bull). "OH, D—N YOUR SENTIMENT!"—[*Sheridan Gladstonised. Extracts from latest version.*]

HARD ON THE LADIES.

[Mr. GLADSTONE has written to Mr. WOODALL regarding the Manchester Meeting on Woman's Suffrage, saying that Parliament has no time to discuss the question.]

THE Ladies we know have been asking for votes,
And straining unduly their eloquent throats;
Not content with Home-Rule, each dear creature agrees
She should aid, if she likes, in selecting M.P.'s:
While one day, when Man listens as still as a mouse,
She looks forward, no doubt, to addressing the House.

But alas! for her hopes, though she speaks 'mid applause,
She must wait for some time ere she tries to make laws;
Though the Manchester speeches were simply sublime,
GLADSTONE writes Mr. WOODALL, and says there 's no time
To give ear to his pleading; this Session it seems
That Womanhood Suffrage remains among dreams.

O Man, how tyrannic to act in this way
When MULLER scorns taxes, and lets her friends pay;
When BECKER makes speeches, when Ladies show fight,
In aid of a cause that 's all "sweetness and light!"
Don't talk of the Franchise, and new Bills unfold,
While Woman 's left cruelly out in the cold!

ROBERT AT SHADWELL.

WELL, I spose if hever a rather pore looking plaice, like Shadwell undowtedly is, had a regler rowsing up, and a site as wood sattisfy any resonable peeple, it was had and seen last Wensday. Jest for a few things, fansy the most richest Dook in the land and the most bootifullest Dutchess in the land, and the most charytablest Barrowness in the land, with her hansum looking husband, and the most tallest and Poplarest Member of the house of Commons, among others of grate selebrity, either in a small or a large way, includin even one or too of my old frends of the Copperashun, all a going down to Shadswell to see the werry fust beginnin of a Noo Fish Market, as, when finished, will make Triumfant Billingsgate creak in its shoes. Fust cum the work and then the fun.

It was quite surprisin to me to see the grate strength of the hiest branches of the Harrystockracy. The fust thing to be dun was to drive too piles to bild the Market on, and up steps the Dook of WESTMINSTER for to do it. Well, as one of the Contrackter's men told me privately as it wayed about 3 Tuns, which BROWN says is about equal to 6 Butts of Sherry, I nat'rally thort as ewen a Dook wood want a little asistence from a duzzen or two of the men as was a standing about all reddy. But nothink of the sort, the Dook jest takes hold of a sort of rudder, and pulls at it like a man, and down the 3 tunner cums with sitch a buster as made me spill ever so mutch of a glass of old Sherry as I was a poring out, and guv me sitch a turn as I was obligated to drink it up and another one arter it jest to steddy my nerves. Well, that was summut of a staggerer, but wuss remained to follow, for the grashus Lady BURDET COOTS, as everybody loves and respecs, determmind not to be outdone by any Dook alive, boldly stepped gracefully forward, and seizin the capstan bar, sent sitch a 3 tunner on to the hed of the second pile as seemed to drive him amost out of my site, and required another bumper of sherry to set me rite again.

Then they set to bizziness, and the Baroness begun it, and she said as anythink as they wonted they coud have, then the Dook follerd sute and said double my steak, and then Mr. SAMILLION MORLEY, M.P. said as *Barkis* was willing and they mite draw upon him at site, and so the little matter of money was soon settled, and then ewerybody, espeahlly the werry gentlemanly-looking Directers, being all in werry good sperrits, they all set to work a speech-making. And werry good speaches they was considering as they were all made before they hadn't had not no lunch, altho it was all wisably in site. The Baroness, bless her warm art, carried off the Parm Tree from all on 'em, in speaking kindly and pittyingly about the pore poor. But the speech of the arternoon by a werry long ways was made by a Professing Hem Pea by the name of BRYCE. Oh, didn't he jest make us all larf; waiters and all. He sed as Shadwell Market would be so werry shuperior in ewery respex to Billingsgate, that if he was a Fish swimming in the North Seas—tho' he sertainly didn't look a bit like one—and was a going for to be cort, he shood say to the Fishmonger as was a going to catch him, "Where are you a going for to take me to?" and if the Fishmonger said "Billinsget," he shood say, "Oh no, not if I nose it, I ain't a going to be sent to that scrouged uncomfertable place." But if he said "to smiling Shadwell," he should say to him "open your net, my noble swell, and in I goes with plezzur!" Ah, that 's the sort of Professor for me, as can make sitch a speech afore lunch as sends all the company into the wine and wittles smiling and hungry.

I must say, tho sometimes inclined to be critticle wen I gets far east of London Bridge, that everythink wus purwided nice and cumferable. We had a reel Bishop to ask a blessing, and a reel Wicker to say grace, and there was plenty of Shampain for all the swells, and enuff left to satisfy all of us. And all I can say is, that if the same interesting ceremony, with the same egstrordinary display of muskerler power, and the same capital speeches, all short and sharp, and earnest and witty, and the same sort of Luncheon, and the werry same brand of Shampain, and the werry same abundance thereof, is to take place at every pile as is to be druv at Shadwell Market, I hopes as the Market will be big enuff to require a lot on 'em, and that I may always be there to assist in the ceremony.

ROBERT.

WITH ALL HIS ART.

As the appearance of the recent *Blue Book*, professing to set forth in full detail the progress of the negotiations ending in the proposed purchase by the Government of the two famous "Blenheim" pictures, has, owing to the freshness, vigour, astuteness and general downright humour of all concerned in the transaction excited considerable amusement and surprise in political and artistic circles, the following supplementary telegraphic "items" of the correspondence, not hitherto published, will be read with interest.

I.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to Sir F. B-rt-n, National Gallery.

Yours to hand, stating you set value of £263,500 on the lot. As this is about half the figure of the *Soudan* business, can't well entertain it at present. Do you think a portion in a new Egyptian fifteen per cent. stock, the rest in champagne, and £50 cash down, would be a fair offer?

II.

Sir F. B-rt-n, National Gallery, to The Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Very. Often done excellent business in that way. Why not try him?

III.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Well, you are a nice one! Wonder you don't ask me to toss you for them next. "What's my lowest figure?" £3,000,000, and not a penny under. Why, the frames are worth all the money. Ask EASTLAKE.

IV.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

Mr. EASTLAKE advises me: "Judging from my experience, I should regard £3,000,000 for the frames as distinctly excessive." The sum is, therefore, out of all consideration. You seem unaware that it is nearly half the amount of this *Soudan* business. Must decline.

V.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

All a mistake. £3,000,000 ought to have been £300,000. Send a cheque, and the matter is settled. How will you have them? By Parcels' Post? Only say the word.

VI.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

Cannot say the word. Never could. Still, after mature consideration, am prepared to offer for the two best, *including frames*, £85,000. I make a point of this. Reply promptly, as the sum is large, and represents nearly the half cost of this *Soudan* business.

VII.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

Won't you make it £185,000? Can't take a penny less. Lots of offers. Better look sharp. Come,—we'll say £150,000! Yes or no?

VIII.

The Pr-m-r, Downing Street, to the Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris.

No. Must be £85,000—and mind—*with the frames!*

IX.

The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh, Paris, to the Pr-m-r, Downing Street.

All right. *Take 'em!*

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.—(*From a Constant, but hitherto rejected, Contributor.*)—None of the Critics have alluded to Mr. HERBERT STANDING'S impersonation in *The Hunchback* at the Lyceum as his *Modus operandi!* [Ha! ha!—ED.]

A HINT TO THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM ON EGYPTIAN MATTERS.—What JOHN BULL is *not* just now inclined to take—"The WILL for the deed."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 3.

A WELL-KNOWN CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

"Here is something for you, Sir," said a sharp-looking youth, suddenly thrusting into my hand a document.

I quietly put the paper into my pocket without comment (I had no wish to bandy words with the process-server), and reflected that some half-forgotten tailor, or too-long-neglected hatter, was a person of no real delicacy of feeling.

"And will you see to the matter at once?" continued the sharp-looking youth, "as they can't wait."

"Certainly," I replied, with a dignity which I intended should suggest that I had a perfectly fabulous account at Coutts's. My account at the celebrated banking firm referred to *is* perfectly fabulous.

"All right, Sir. I suppose we shall see you in the morning."

The youth disappeared, and I journeyed home. As I walked along the Thames Embankment I pondered over the alterations made in our law by the Judicature Acts.

"When I was a younger man," I murmured to myself, "a copy of a writ, when considered entirely without prejudice, was rather a handsome instrument than otherwise. The direct message from the Sovereign, for instance, used to be very far from ungratifying, although perhaps it would have been better had the greeting been joined to a matter a little less embarrassing, say, than an unsatisfied claim for the value of certain shirts. But nowadays the neat crisp document of the olden time seems to be abandoned for a far more bulky paper—for the packet I have in my pocket!"

However, I threw off my cares, and thought no more of the affair until the next morning, when, putting on my overcoat, I discovered, to my intense astonishment, to my overwhelming joy, that what I had believed to be a writ was actually a Brief! I had to sit down on the hall-chair for five minutes to compose myself. My emotion was perfectly painful—it was my first, my Maiden Brief! The news spread like wildfire through the household, and the distant strains of "*Rule, Britannia!*" were heard coming from the nursery.

There was but one thing to be done, and I did it. I hurriedly collected all the law-books I possess (*Shearwood's Abridgment of Real Property*, an odd volume of *Stephen's Commentaries*, and an early edition of *The Comic Blackstone*), jumped into a Hansom, and rattled down to Pump-Handle Court. Arrived there, I handed my brief to my Clerk (the sharp-looking youth who had given me the paper turned out to be my Clerk), and instructed him to put it in a prominent position in his own room, so that my client, when he arrived, might see it, and conclude that I had so many matters just then in hand that I had not had as yet time to look into his case, which was waiting its turn for consideration with numerous others. I was ashamed to give these instructions, but reflected that it was important, having regard to my professional prospects, that my expected visitor should be kept as long as possible in ignorance of the fact that he was my solitary employer.

"All right, Sir," said my Clerk, with a facial gesture which I regret to say savoured of a wink. "He will be here by eleven."

I now entered my own room. It was rather in disorder. I share my chambers with an intimate friend, and as I am very often away, he sometimes uses my *sanctum* (entirely with my consent) as a receptacle for empty packing-cases, old cigar-boxes, superfluous window-curtains, and worn-out boots. With the assistance of my Clerk, who followed me in, I soon set things to-rights, putting on the Month-indicator from October to March, filling the inkstand with

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mother. "NOW, VAL, COME AND SAY YOUR CATECHISM. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?" *Val.* "DON'T KNOW."

Mother. "OH YES, YOU DO! YOU KNOW WHAT MOTHER CALLS YOU."

Val. "OH YES, I KNOW. YOU CALLS ME UGLY DUCKLING!"

copying fluid, and removing somebody's pot-hat from the brows of my bust of the late Lord Chancellor BROUGHAM.

"There, Sir, I think that will do now," said my Clerk, with a look of satisfaction, and he left me seated at my desk turning over some dusty brief paper which I had found knocking about in one of its drawers.

My room is a semi-subterranean apartment in a circular tower. I have two small casements looking out upon some gardens, but as I occupy the basement, I can only see the ankles of the passers-by, and am myself free from observation save when some more than usually unruly urchin brings his head level with mine, and makes faces at me through the window.

I repeat I was turning over the dusty brief-paper, and toying with Mr. SHEARWOOD's very excellent "Abridgment," when the door was thrown open and my Clerk announced "Someone to see you, Sir."

"You will pardon me," I said, without looking up, consulting in the meantime the handbook before me with knitted brows, "but I am engaged for a few moments. I will attend to you directly."

"Oh, certainly, Sir," replied the new-comer, in the most deferential tone possible, and he took a seat.

I jotted down the incidents of Borough English, frowned as if engaged in deep thought, and then smilingly turned to my visitor, and asked him how I could be of service to him.

"I want you to look into this case, Sir," he began, with a timidity that was as unexpected as it was gratifying—his nervousness gave me confidence.

"By all means," I responded heartily, dipping a pen into the ink, and putting a fresh sheet of brief-paper over the page I had already used for the incidents of Borough English and a freehand sketch of a British Grenadier, "I shall be glad to hear all about it."

"I must apologise for intruding upon you, knowing how busy you are, but I thought you would be interested in what I have to place before you."

"Pray do not apologise," I hastened to say; and then added, with a little laugh, "I certainly have taken you out of your turn, but then this is our first transaction. I hope it will not be the last."

"I hope so, too," replied my client, fervently. "If you will allow me, I will often place things like this before you. I should have come to you earlier, only so many Gentlemen object to seeing me."

"Dear me!" I replied, a little surprised. "I suppose some men don't care to jeopardise their professional reputation by failure. And now, with your permission, I will look into your case."

"It is here, Sir," he answered, opening a rather large portfolio. "You will notice that these are very beautiful engravings."

"Certainly," I returned, making a note on the paper before me, "as you say, most beautiful. No doubt of very considerable value."

"I am glad you like them, Sir. They are forced to be got rid of at an enormous sacrifice."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, continuing my notes.

"Yes, Sir. They are being sold at something less than cost-price."

"Really!" And again I jotted down the particulars. Then I said, to show that I comprehended the affair at a glance, "I suppose there has been a dispute about the copyright?"

"No, Sir, that's all right."

"Ah, to be sure—then there has been a breach of contract?" But finding that this also was not the case, I said, with hearty *bonhomie*, "Well, my dear Sir, as I have made two bad guesses, perhaps you had better tell me what I can do for you."

My client coughed deferentially, and then produced a paper.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but would you mind signing this?"

I read the document—it ran as follows:—

"TO MESSRS. SCAMP AND VAMP.—*I hereby agree to purchase one copy of your 'Pillars of the Law, from the Earliest Ages,' profusely Illustrated, in One hundred and fifty-seven Monthly Parts, at seven shillings and sixpence a part. I further agree to pay for this Work annually, at the rate of twelve Parts in advance.*"

There was a solemn and awful pause. Then I drew myself up to my full height, and in a voice of thunder *ordered him out!* I know not *how* he disappeared—in a moment he had vanished, portfolio and all!

Rather fatigued after my late exertions, I called to my Clerk, and with weary haughtiness desired him to bring me my Brief, as I wished "to glance through the papers."

"Your Brief, Sir?" he returned. "Oh, I should have told you, Sir, that, while you were talking to the man with the engravings, they called to see you. They said they were in a hurry, and, as you were engaged, they would take it to some one else."

"Take it to some one else!" My Maiden Brief!

At this point I must pause—for the moment, I can write no more! A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

A PLEA FOR PORT.

[Two quite disinterested Wine-merchants have pointed out in the *Standard* that gout is unknown in Portugal, where the inhabitants drink a lighter kind of port than that usually imbibed in this country.]

Now, merry *bon-vivants*, come draw up your chairs,
From John o' Groat's house down to Truro,
For SAGE has asserted and PANDEMAN swears
That gout's never known on the Douro.
At home or abroad, in New York or Japan,
In Constantinople or Agra,
Go tipple port wine, boys, as hard as you can,
And ne'er be afraid of *Podagra*.

But SAGE and his partner will say, if you ask,
The port that should moisten your throttle,
Must be the light wine that comes out of the cask,
Not that you've matured in the bottle.
It is not the ancient and fearsome "black-strap,"
A potion in sooth diabolic,
For this is a lighter and pleasanter tap,
And hardly at all alcoholic.

'Tis warranted never to colour your nose,
Dyspepsia's terrible warning;
It won't bring the gout to your fingers and toes,
Or give you a "head" in the morning.
In short it's a truly delectable wine,
The sort from the cellar you'd fish up,
To offer your guest if a Duke came to dine,
And fit for the gills of a Bishop!

"ET TU BRUTE!"

Brutus is a play by Lord Lytton in five Acts and a headache.

Of the characters in it let us first take *Lucretia*, played by Miss Eastlake. A mild dose of burlesque treatment has evidently done this lady a considerable amount of good. It has almost cured her of those St.-Vitus-like nervous clutchings and palsied movement of the head which, at one time, threatened to become chronic. On the first night she knew her lines perfectly, but stuck once,—with a trick-dagger. There is nothing grand in it, but a nice quiet little bit of classical domestic suicide.

There is an Egyptian Slave who talks a good deal about the rebels, and is evidently the Mahdi of that period. He has "no connection" with the plot, "except on business," when he is useful for a picturesque tableau or two in conjunction with *Brutus*. There is also a *Sybil* who might be the weaker half of the *Holy Clement* in *Claudian*.

Brutus Cauliflowerus.

The wicked *Tarquin* is perpetually throwing up his eyes to the "sky-borders," and expressing a strong interest in the movements of Venus. From this it might be gathered that he is on the Transit of Venus Commission. This, however, is not so. He is accompanied by some gay Roman dogs—not "the Household Dogs"—who sprawl about in a room of the Pompeian House at the Crystal Palace, make melancholy attempts at conviviality, and cry "To horse! To horse!" when, considering their costume, "To clothes-horse! To clothes-horse!" would have been far more appropriate. They were a hardy race, those ancient sons of the Latin Grammar and Classical Dictionaries.

The character of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, the Roman, has nothing to do with the *Romany Rye*, though, by the way, he is a sort of classical Silver King, as, to be revenged on his enemies, the *Silver King*,—we forget his name,—pretended to be a Silly Billy—and so does *Brutus*. The *Silver King* thus gains his object—so does *Brutus*. There is no difference, apparently, between *Brutus* foolish and *Brutus* wise; at least Mr. Barrett made none. There is a touch of a Claudianesque situation in it, too, when the Mahdi tries to stab him, and can't, and when *Tarquin* repeats the attempt, and fails in the stupidest manner possible. Mr. Barrett is, throughout, oppressed by the consciousness of his intense classicality, and never has his eye off the imaginary Photographer, or allows the future pictorial mural advertisement to be lost to the view of his mind's eye.

Smashing the Mahdi.

Of the play itself, the subject is—"not to put too fine a point upon it"—revolting. But, having selected it, the noble Author has treated it as delicately as possible. The dialogue may be very good, but we could catch so little of it that we must defer any opinion until an opportunity has been afforded to us of reading it. When we have done this, we shall be better able to say whether the Actors have faithfully carried out the Author's ideas; and the receipts will show whether the Author's ideas were worth the trouble.

Such situations as there are, are of the old familiar dramatic pattern, and pretty safe.

Between the Acts were handed round, by way of refreshment, printed lists of the distinguished audience then present, and a paper of elegant extracts from the play for the benefit of those who couldn't hear what was said on the stage. The distinguished people who *were* present, but whose names were *not* in the above-mentioned list, thought the proceeding most snobbish. Perhaps they were right.

The last Scene will be more effective as a "set" when the two pillars of state on each side of the tinselly throne look less shaky. On the first night we found the play wearisome. But it might have been worse if the Comic Roman, who laughed loudly at his own jokes, had not suddenly disappeared after the Second Act. We fancy we saw him wandering about, living on his past reputation as an amusing rattle, but never—thank heaven and Lord Lytton!—getting

Tarquin. "My unlimited Loo-cretia!"
Lucretia. "Sir! Who are you a Tarquin to?"

an opportunity of airing any of his ill-timed *Antiquos Josephos*. There was no original dramatic situation, there were no striking characters,—except the people who used their daggers,—no ghosts, no marvellous changes of scene, no curse worth mentioning, and no earthquake. The summary of the play, therefore, as a spectacle, would be "No Effects."

CONTRIBUTION FROM WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

TO THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

Telephonic message from W. S., Posts' Corner, Elysium, to Mr. Punch's Office, 85, Fleet Street.—"See my Henry the Fourth, Pt. II., Act II., Sc. 3. Scene between Northumberland (Gladstone) and Lady Percy (Britannia). Substitute 'Gordon' for 'Hotspur.' Will telephone further instructions."

Lady Percy (*Britannia*). There were two honours lost; yours and his.
For yours—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his (Gordon's)—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and, by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.....
To seem like him; so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him,—Oh, wondrous him,
O miracle of men! him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Gordon's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The General and his Staff are strong:
Had my sweet Gordon had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on the hero's neck,
Have talked of the Mahdi's grave.

Northumberland (*Gladstone*). Beshrew your heart,
Fair Empress, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But we must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek us in another place,
And find us worse provided.

Lady P. Fly to Midlothian!

(*Scene to close here.*)

"HOW NOW, HONESTY?"

The Premier claims "honesty of purpose" as the inspiring motive of a course which, he admits, *may* not have been guided by judgment or conducted with courage. In this case surely it may—without derogation to morality—be said that "honesty—*such* honesty—is *not* the best policy."

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of Her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran:—"It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meeveh, which was no less in fact translated than ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle. — Yours faithfully, SEHIER JAN. December, 1884. To J. C. ENO, Esq."

POMONA BRINGING THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH TO HYGEIA.

EGYPT.—CAIRO.—"Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, 26th May, 1883. Mr. J. C. ENO."

A SOUTH AFRICAN PROFESSIONAL MASON DIVER'S EXPERIENCE OF THE BEST METHOD OF PRESERVING HEALTH UNDER TRYING CONDITIONS.—"Having for many years suffered from biliousness and sick headache, without obtaining any relief, I was recommended to take ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which I did, and after a few doses found great relief. From that time (five years since) I have never been without a bottle of your invaluable FRUIT SALT. Being a professional mason diver, I was sent to the Orange River Bridge to prepare the foundations of piers, &c. In the hurry I forgot my bottle of FRUIT SALT, and had not been many days before my old complaint began to trouble me. It was a week before I succeeded in procuring a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, and after taking it I perfectly recovered. If I feel bad from the effects of a long stay under water, a dose puts me right, and I am fit for work at any moment. I think I am only doing justice in putting the success of my staying powers down to your invaluable FRUIT SALT.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM LEA, Dec. 26, 1884."

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The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

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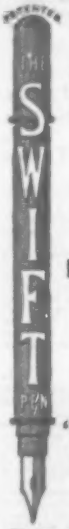

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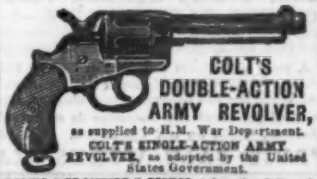

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